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ability to depict the general effect of the fading sunlight with its fierce glow of red and orange colors breaking through the leafless branches, and as often as he may repeat himself, even the most careless sketch of these scenes is always a work of art.

F. H. Tompkins is undoubtedly the best figure painter in town, and people slowly awaken to the fact. He is not such a very old hand at painting, either. It was not so very many years ago that he lived in North Fairfield in Ohio and got his inspirations from advertising carts that came through the village, and envied a crayon artist who made a temporary stay to paint the portraits of all the village celebrities. Later on he went to Munich and became a favorite pupil of Prof. Loefftz, under whom many Americans have studied, though hardly any have been as successful as Tompkins. To his "mother and child" pictures he owes his great success. His religious pictures, though they adhere to no special creed, can naturally not have as many admirers. At present he is working at a "Hester Prynne." The opinions of his colleagues about him differ largely. Many think him old-fashioned, but that is hardly just; it would be much more to the point to endorse what one of our clever young artists has said about him: "He is heavy, but it is here"—pointing to his forehead. Tompkins lives like a hermit, continually smoking, restlessly working at his pictures, scraping away the work of hours a dozen times and more, and painting the same thing over and over again. The world sees but little of him except at the Saturday Luncheons of the Art Club, where he likes to have a chat or play a game of billiards. His big studio on Northampton street,—the dullest street in Boston, which does not hear the noise of carriage wheels for months sometimes,—is kept by a widow who, with her little child, has figured upon many of his canvases.

It is quite a number of years ago that I. M. Gaugengigl, the *Meissonnier of America*, as he is titled by some of his admirers, painted the fresco of little fauns over the stage of the Museum, for \$100. His pictures, like the "The First Hearing" and "The Duel," sell for thousands of dollars now. Nobody in Boston can compare with him in painting details; as a painter of buttons, shoe buckles, every thread stealing out of a buttonhole, every wrinkle in a satin-breeches, he reigns supreme. A remark which one of the artists made before Gaugengigl's picture deserves to be repeated: "Take a man, dress him up in a revolutionary costume, place him among old-fashioned furniture, and look at him through a diminishing glass, and you have Gaugengigl's pictures." He is personally like the miniature figures he represents on his canvases—a man of the last century. His whole way of living, his extreme politeness, his graceful gestures and movements, his manner of dressing and conversation are those of a cavalier of the last century. An amusing anecdote is related about Gaugengigl's artistic pride, which is quite like the man. One day when he was short—to be short is a contagious chronic disease among artists for which there is no remedy except it were more picture buyers,—and had dispensed with his luncheon in order to eat a more hearty dinner at the Tavern Club, where bills are only due every month, a stout, well dressed man entered his

studio, with a handkerchief before his nose. When the handkerchief was removed, the artist saw to his astonishment that the nose was of tin. The stout gentleman told him that he would give him \$50 if he would paint it life-like. Gaugengigl became indignant at what he considered an insult to his art and politely showed the stout gent to the door. Gaugengigl was \$50 out of pocket and the stout gentleman calmly proceeded to some other less ambitious artist in the building who painted him a beautiful red nose.

(To be continued.)

J. W. STIMSON is still at Saranac Lake, slowly recovering, I believe, from some serious lung troubles which he contracted during his indefatigable work at the New York School of Artist-Artisans. Stimson was the most perfect teacher, and whole-souled enthusiast that I have ever met, without exception. His enthusiasm knew no limits. I have heard him one day explain with passionate eloquence the characteristic of the different styles of architecture to a number of pupils, then turning to me he gave a similar description with the same fervor and glow of language, and then repeated it for the third time to a visitor who just arrived, when he had finished with me. Stimson is one of the martyrs of our industrial art. He only promoted that which was vital and organic in deep sympathy with individuality, the spirit of nature and National character, and he was fully equipped for that task. He was not only an artist who had sacrificed the glories he could personally achieve in order to rear new talents, but also was a poet and orator, as one could readily find out at his Saturday morning speeches to the composition class, and a philosopher through his "Principles and Methods of Art Education." If our young art students would understand his "Suggestions," so often ridiculed by the ignorant—it would be desirable that men who want to become artists should have such a degree of intelligence—it would be hardly necessary any longer for them to go to Europe except for technique and sightseeing. In principles, Europe could not teach them any more than Stimson. The art education of our country should be entrusted to his hands, and the future generations would reap a wonderful harvest.

HAVING heard so much about color music lately I wondered whether I had ever come across it in American painting. Yes, I remember, the most ambitious feature of Du Mond's "Baptism" was its attempt in color music. Du Mond has always been fond of green, but he never realized such a painfully penetrating quality before. My retinas refused to absorb anything but that heart-corroding green so that at the first glance I failed even to perceive with how little devotion he had treated that devout subject. I wonder if he was inspired by a poem of one of those eccentric Symbolist poets in Paris, which begins: "Now I know it, green, yes green is the background of Christ's life." But in truth I believe Du Mond seriously resembles Roche-grosse who likes vermillion because it has a calming influence on his nerves. Du Mond's nerves seem to demand that painful green, though now and then his eyes take a rest in the complimentary color as in his *Portia*.

"I HAVE nothing to say of either of the American schools, the old or the imitative, as long as they don't do better work than they have done until now. My hope lies in the future. The social life of our country has to be purified before we can expect to have a national art."—G. DE F. BRUSH.

WISH we had a Barc de Boutteville on Fifth avenue! However, it would be worth while considering first whether we have any Maurice Denis, Jeanne Jacquemier or Serusier to exhibit there.

SOME important mural work in the Waldorf Hotel Annex has been given out. E. H. Blashfield will paint the ceiling of the big ball-room, and W. H. Low and Edward Simmons attend to a number of panels, etc.

AT Durand Ruel in Paris, representative collections of pastels by Albert Bussy, designs by Eugene Martel, pictures and water colors by Dario de Regoyos and Siffait de Moncourt were exhibited. Rather new names to us over here.

I HAVE heard that Mr. T. B. Clark considers R. C. Minor, and Mr. W. T. Evans—H. W. Ranger the foremost landscape painters in America. How funny! Almost as much so as Col. Chapman's case who thinks A. B. Davies the best artist in America (next to Ryder). The three artists so magnificently endorsed are merely clever revivalists, whose work invariably reminds one of somebody else.

PERCY WOODCOCK, of Canada, is a texturist of remarkable ability. Every variation of style, from the thin flat surface painting of the Japanese to the doughlike impasto of Monticelli, is at his command, and in the latter he excels. Most of his pictures of that kind are small panels: what they mean to represent is often impossible to determine, but I remember of having seen a wreck on a tempestuous sea; groups of women and children gathering flowers, making music, or gambling, generally in some sunspotted forest solitude; and a group of Arabs in yellow on horseback, galloping into the dark background. Improvisation is his method of working. He puts large lumps of color on his panels and mixes them into each other with a pallet knife, trying to get as smooth a surface as possible, then he hangs them on the walls of his studio until they are thoroughly dry, whereupon by association of thought they soon suggest to him one thing or another, and he finishes the picture merely by putting a few touches here and there to emphasize his impression. When finished they possess two leading qualities, they are a constant treat to the eye, and evoke dreams by their vague suggestiveness. What else do we expect of a picture? Percy Woodcock's panels should be set in gold and made into jewel caskets for kings and queens of good taste; this is however impossible, as Mr. Woodcock neither exhibits nor sells his pictures, being one of the fortunates who have money, and thus can indulge in manias.

ONE afternoon, coming from the Society, I passed Siegel & Cooper's, and strolled in to take another look at the Doré Gallery. Strange, the

work of this dead man made a deeper impression upon me than the work of hundreds of living artists from where I came. Surely these huge canvases, colored illustrations, were no masterpieces of painting but merely the aberrations of a genius; but why this powerful influence upon my poetic temperament? Merely because Doré has something to express, something for which one has not only to be a painter (what is the material, anyhow?) but a dreamer, a poet, a thinker, a man of knowledge and genius. These qualities Doré the greatest illustrator (from the pictorial point of view) the world ever has seen, possessed, while in the Society they are mostly faithful observers of nature and technicians (mostly only one branch of it—values), and that will never do! It does neither justice to the art of the past nor to the art of the future which shall surpass that of the past.

I HAVE hardly ever heard anything more foolish than the argument that Thos. W. Dewing paints the purity of womanhood. And yet nearly all his lady admirers seem to be of this opinion. I wonder if they have ever taken a good square look at his "Commedia." For the last ten years Mr. Dewing has been successful (that is, he paints what he likes and sells what he paints) and is appreciated though hardly understood by the profession. His lady admirers have faithfully followed him from exhibition to exhibition and swear to his "delicacy, refinement, and dreamlike qualities" (that is as far as average criticism in conversation goes). Suddenly they were confronted with a woman in whose face radiates all the piquancy, sensuous charm, and brilliancy of a woman of the world. His lady admirers were astonished; they thought Dewing so chaste, reticent, so far away from anything physical; why this was in no way what they had been accustomed to, it was surely not mystical, ethereal; Oakey enough. His "Commedia" was his first endeavor to throw aside the mist in which painters are apt to shroud their subjects when they wish to express sentiment and are not technically strong enough, and to give the same misty-mystical expression by means of clearness: perfect technique. If he accomplishes this he will become one of the greatest painters of all times, for since the old masters, the great painters (bodies without soul) and the great artists (souls without bodies) were nearly always separated. Imagine a combination of Ingres and Israels and you will understand what I mean. Technically none of his pictures are so advanced as the "Commedia," though for instance the right hand is still very amateurish. He has never painted so virile a physiognomy before, and his lady admirers are on the wrong track if they imagine that this physical charm is a new departure. True enough none of his former works have it in so pronounced a manner as the "Commedia," but his "Musician," and several of his long-necked ladies in yellow and black, as also that modern Tanagra figure called "Girl in White," already indicated that direction. People who could not perceive this mist must have been blinded by the Pre-Raphaelite mist, and this is one of the reasons why Dewing wishes to clear his artistic atmosphere entirely, even to psychological influences at home, and show his true inner worth: no longer paint sisters but different types of womanhood, particularly their soul atmospheres.